Asako Fujikura, *Open Sunrise City Protocol*
Statement

I am interested in the fundamental act of human beings building walls across the vast surface of the earth, under conditions created by the sun.

When I look closely at the urban landscape, my attention is drawn to more than the buildings and infrastructure directly before me. Behind them, there always seems to remain (the possibility of) a boundless expanse, or a physically inaccessible depth, even as functional structures segment it and conceal it from view. When I imagine what lies beyond the sound barriers of an expressway, or stand before a wall enclosing a construction site, “this side” and “the other side” appear clearly separated, but in the imagination they emerge as a single vast and indistinct expanse.

I want to create points of connection that draw this invisible expanse into the city.

What kind of structure might make this possible? It should serve as a scaffolding on which to remain at that boundary, rather than hastily crossing it, and continuously observe what is farther within.

This work consists of a physical structure made from sun-dried bricks, earthen walls, and steel column elements, together with live-action and computer-generated moving images. The footage moves between Tokyo’s densely built urban spaces, factories where construction materials are manufactured, sites where raw materials are extracted, and construction sites. To trace where the materials that make up the city originate and the routes by which they reach it, I filmed at extraction sites and manufacturing facilities that supply materials used in buildings near the site of the work in central Tokyo. Over this footage, I superimpose a story set in the fictional metropolis of Open Sunrise City. There, large-scale urban development and infrastructure construction unfold alongside people making sun-dried bricks by hand and laying them across the ground. I based the three-dimensional form consisting of sun-dried bricks and earthen walls on a form I saw at a precast concrete factory, one of the filming locations. Through an opening intended for future installation of piping, a pink structural element is visible.

Within the fiction lies the fact that, although a city is produced by the action of immense systems, it is also an accumulation of acts close to the scale of the human body: placing objects on the ground, erecting walls, exposing them to light.

The sun is above and the ground below, with bodies between them, and walls are built. Under these simple conditions, a temporary “platform” appears within the city. From that single point, I seek to connect with the far vaster reaches of space and time that remain concealed behind the city before me. Creating the circumstances for that connection is one aspect of my practice.

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The imaginary city, Open Sunrise City (OSC) is a planned city built based on a solar radiation plan so that the maximum amount of sunlight reaches all of the city. The earthwork-like things spreading at our feet are traces of the process of making and drying adobe bricks carried out in the past as productive work in a resident participation format. The columns here and there are painted pink, based on the current safety standards. OSC, while referencing the grid form long deployed all over the world, is a special experimental city in which the structure of the grid is left, to the ultimate, up to the residents' initiative. After residential clusters advanced, the construction of a physical grid was guided by initiatives that surged from the residents themselves. Invisible guidelines and supplementary lines are indicated by the coordinates. The residents make adobe bricks by hand, with their own choice of timing and quantity, and set out to arrange them on the grid. Initially, the number of levels, the speed, even how the dirt diminishes and the places where it is dug were largely controlled. But the human beings' ambition was to make the walls higher. A high level, high density move began in the vertical direction. The view was cut off, the unobstructed view to the horizon was lost, and shade increased. With the site unable to withstand the ever-growing hugeness of the wall, concerns arose about the ground's differential settlement. There the grid is limited to lines on four sides: the four walls. And a hub, which was originally not there or was hidden, was placed there.

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The cypress seems to be dead. In cemeteries all over, cypresses are losing their way. The time when they disappear is set at 4:00 in the afternoon.
Little by little, gaps develop in their contours, so it is possible to see through them, and

then the entire tree starts bleeding. At the end, an orange hue, close to the red in a rainbow-the color on the back of one's eyelid-bleeds strongly for just a moment, then vanishes. This phenomenon is called "death of the cypress."

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I go to a garden with a row of cypress trees. In a dream I saw last night, I stepped barefoot into a pond filled with utterly pure water. The pond is surrounded by stone, constructed like part of a Japanese garden. By my feet, countless red sludge worms are slithering around. With no sense of strangeness or avoidance, the area around the pond is stable, its clean state maintained.

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Recognizing that stagnation has set in is a frightening moment. Buried at the foundations of this overly dense city is a conscience saying, "Never create stagnation." What is essential for people is the feeling of dissolving into sunlight—a sense of fulfillment. The conditions under which fulfillment most strikingly arises have already been analyzed. Beside a wall, atop a platform, in a slightly open patch of grass: there a human sits and feels the sun.